Apr 20 1937

Friday

We didnt come over today because I expect you're too full of humans as it is. This is only to say we expect Quentin to lunch tomorrow, one, that we may then we could all come over to tea. And then we can make other arrangements. God knows how my relics of 17th French revolt stand the battery. I want produce them in your presence anyhow. I'm half dazed at the moment, having wandered into Courtauld Church., been fallen upon by the Rev. Thomas, who showed me round with a long stick. "See that mark? Just think of a thief - What ah. That is the Crown of Thorns. So Mr. Constable of the Courtauld Museum says. All is done by the hand of God here. The electric heating is by Watts & Co. work. And Miss Humphries, a lady artist, has hung 10 water colour drawings, not as yes or I would hang them. but as they hang them in the Royal Academy, half an inch off

the wall. And that stain is a donkeys ears: for that is a fresco of our Lord on the Cross" such it may have been: only it looks like a brown rat running in circles. I only escaped an another tourist Came.

And a cable further stuns me. from New York, to say they cant make head or tail of my Synopsis, so with I wrote the plot out at length — which means I fear they wont buy. And a letter from Dixon, about Rosemary's breasts. "meeting today Wakelow — but as bare as a bone. And ... oh how I leaned to play bowls, so what the use of sending me. Maybe scrubbe? None whatever. Except that your Jessie is never happy away from you, & when he sees a pen sketch of, & cant pick a word — a think, what-ever Southeare Church & having a font with; but must kiss you ah thy name. How have you got on with the Frogs? & the Hammock & the Oats? & does Angelica control the whole boiling with her inalterable charm & her supreme tact? B

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68

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Thursday

I had hoped to come this afternoon, both as Leonard thought you'd like cricket at Eastbourne - you know he goes to one match yearly: but he got two Colts to start, & is going to-morrow, so I'll come then instead. Oh dear, what a bore - because to-morrow & tomorrow & tomorrow. There'll be Janie, & I want to see you without someone to distract you from me: Barbara's here & Angelica's just rung up. I hope she'll bring Cecil Gray to tea on Saturday. & Gluck: for one thing the most enormous cake has arrived from my mother-in-law. It is something like the Albert Hall; & has 3 garlands of leaves around it, one green: "As you were" (written in chocolate) one yellow - "As you are". One gold. "As you will be". Then 1912-1937 - Now the old lady thought this all out for herself: & then employed Lyons & Negus & Sons their part: only there's not a plum to be seen: which Cecil Leonard & he hearts. But on the

Course you married like her own sister. To should our Cake be. This idea I've been developing, with a whole Gallimaufry of works to embellish it, at tea, what news Edgar? Percy says he's so glum Drunk in Lewes & then gets so quarrelsome. he always Keeps clear of them, so had not heard- Dont you think we might send Maynard a Round Robin, ask our names protesting in a circle, with the murdered white dog drawn by Joan in the middle? Our criminal is still at large. - I thought I heard him in the garden last night but was too sleepy to look my door- The police have arrested two farm hands; unduly because they were sleeping in barns. To no doubt I shall be in prison - because of Joan asked suddenly what is your name. what are you doing? You can't say- Louie's mother was asked her name in a shop the other day, & had to find her husband & ask him. So I shall ask Gon. I dont like this very hot day: it extremely ugly. Old Mrs Emery has just been in with a basin of mulberries: An electric coffee maker, from my mother in law, has come: but the coffee, though made in ten seconds, is like very refined dish water: & a table has come from my brother in law, covered with Green Dragons. If you touch a spring 4 legs shoot out. Oh dear, what a thing real family life is! But I must go on: & this is all dull. So tomorrow. VB

NYPL
HAMILL 2/10/68

I made off to my Lodge to write this. You can't
conceive what the mind of a Labour party leader is
like – George is advanced, Jayon rash, a
Barbara wholly imaginative in comparison. And
they scrape their knives on their plates. Never let
Angelica marry a Labour Leader: on the other hand
Don't tell Leonard this, for he lives in the delusion
that they are good men. Do you like
Helen Ainsley better than me? She grew prettier,
Jealously slit on my pillow this very dawn
& shot his bitter dart through my heart. I believe
you do. It's not so much the flowers mend
mind – it's the delicacy of taste on your part.
all the same I admit she has her more rare charm:
& in her breast instead of dew is a heart, I admit.
I fell in love – this is to make you jealous – (but it
won't) with Marie, whom I kissed as we exchanged
roses under the mistletoe. She is a dipsy dopsy sin
wave. Ona the paint cracks out comes the pink & white
Snake. Lord how I love writing to you. But
I know you never read what I write. Here
Lettie: he's, Hobbes choking alas: he's talking
about the Labour Party Conference at Bournemouth.
You see. Stodgy old maids wiping their chins. Jumping
about Sally & the policeman. I liked
in the Sunday

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68

Eddy boy. I'm a mot.)
really wrote
from Skegness
the Skinners
School at
Stanford, where
Gillies was
prep. here.

Monks Horne

Monday

241

1937

I half sent a message through Angelica to ask if we could come over to-morrow. That is Tuesday? May we? We shall be coming back from London. I'll bring some more Roger letters; I do wonder he is a great treat to the ju-
But if you've had too many humans, you can
prevent us by sending a faithfully phrased wire to
Tavistock Sqre. Oh I'm so furious! Just as
we'd cleared off our weekend visits, the
telephone rings, & there comes to lunch, late,
hungry & eating with the deliberation &
mastication of a Toad, Mr Gillies of the
Labour Party. He is 5.30. He is still
there, masticating. Half a plum cake has
gone down Crumb by Crumb. Mercifully he
was seared with such a choking fit that

G. is sorry!!!

Eddy too. I see
I'm a mob. I
really prefer
Glen Ellen to
the Elementary
School at
Glasgow, whose
letter was
pretty horri

Thursday
24

1937

I had such a menage
he cancel done with
Tuesday? Maybe?
had from London, will
Royal Lettuy; Lillian
Burrish I've had for
Brunton by Stirling
Dunblane Hyd.
hi'd cleared Wmar
telephone rings, & Thm
hungry yet-cating with
Praticalon Sa Carl
Cahors Paris. It
Thm, practically. Hope
Gne down Crank by
was Carol with

I'll bring some more
Stirling Monday
a fortnight Phursd with G
many kumaan, Duncan
a Jack-Rat Ru Je-
Jm'm so furious! Jack
weekend visit, Thi-
lunch, talk,
dutikkaki
Mrs Gillis Sylla
Mc; Ulli
Cake by
Hope plud
Crank. Pacellyly
Gne Crank by
a Clarity Jet Rat

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conceive what the mind of a Labour party leader is
like – George is advanced, Jayon rash, a
Barbara wildly imaginative in comparison. And
they scrape their knives on their plates. Never let
Angelica marry a Labour Leader: on the other hand
Don't tell Leonard this, for he lives in the delusion
that they are Good men. Do you like
Helen Ainsworth better than me? The green garden,
jealously all in my pillow this very dawn
& that bitter heart high my heart. I believe
you do. It's not so much the [illegible] part
mind – it's the delicacy & taste in you part.
all the same I admit she has her more rare charm:
& in her breast instead of dew is a heart, I admit.
I fell in love – this is to make you jealous – (but it
won't) with Marie, whom I kissed as we exchanged
gloves under the mistletoe. She is a dipsy dippy sin
two. And the paint cracks and comes the gin & the
grape. Lord how I love writing to you. But
I know you never read what I write. Here
Leslie: he, blotted choking alas: he, talking
about the Labour Party Conference at Bournemouth.
You see. Those old maids wiping their eyes. Jumping
about Sally & the policeman. I liked
in the Strand.

NYPL HAMILL 2/10/68

July 31
1937

let me know about the letter
and I must make a row.

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Tuesday

I wonder if you ever got my Sunday
letter: as I had no receipts to the bills
I paid then, I rather suspect the whole lot
is stuck in the pillar box. I hope this
won't, nor that I've anything to beg - Egbert
send this

No: here is the post, & a receipt, so
perhaps yours alone stuck.
One of Julian's snaps came this morning.
War & Peace - the title to Morgan. —
I thought there were 2 others: perhaps
they weren't typed. Anyhow
we'll read this. at once. NB
I can get the others from G.

Cellar, no new, rare village songs, demands for
Ladders & chop hedges, & Mr. Brick out to
plan Leonard's new folly, another pond &
a bricked garden— By the way, he said
Your legs were a far better kind
than his own, darker, more personali-
ties, & an almost incredible admission,
You'd a face.

Perhaps I'll ask Jane with Reg in from
the heights of ~~Ecks~~ America, to 'but' I doubt it,
so) with front tier & the post mortem.
Any news of A's jacket? How I adore ye!
How astonishingly
beautiful you are!
No one with Ever
Take the words of
Marlowe with
beauty as you
do.

B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/66

a.39
VB/VW 182

[VW to VB. 8 Sept 1937] ?

Wednesday

I'm afraid I shan't be able to come to tea till
Friday when I hope you won't mind once more
seeing your poor Luzi. Tomorrow damn it all,
we have to go to Margaret Davies at Dorking
& shall be too late to come round by Charleston.
And on Friday there'll be Clive & Jack Sutton.
If I can't come, would you tell Quentin we
expect him to dinner at 7. But I shall do my
best to come in spite of all drawbacks –
disparagements, thought there will be you,
my lovely dolphin. That reminds me, we went to
Brighton yesterday to look for a fountain for L's
new pond, & there I bought a very nice shawl at
Mrs Actons, who said Angelica, or rather Miss
Beck as Firle had just been in, bought a
marlin there. However, we never saw Angelica,
only Mrs Bradfield, another tenant
worker, who dogged us through the lanes, or

twitters as I prefer to call them. And no
fountains a-foaming, only a head of Aristotle
which rather took my fancy, — a bust of Sir
Walter Scott. Lord G. to bring Julian
& the boys with him. I thought the
letter to Morgan the best thing I've ever read of
his: very like him, — at last I think I understand
his point of view, which I dedicate — about
from my point of view;
being a soldier I mean. I don't agree: however
that may be my fault. But I repeat you're right to
send it to Chatto, — I should think they'll
certainly do them. Lord, how I wish I could
argue the whole thing with Julian. Write me
reverently can't one do a picture of Clive
& his table for me? a nervous Commercien?
I feel I must get my Bloomsbury Sally started
before we're all old & bald & blear-eyed: but don't
let Clive think he's going bald. No, he'll wear his
hair to the End. Laymens & Adrian? A letter
from Vavon about her old lady, the square, & he
hears that Adrian is at Charleston — recovering there
from an illness: I'm sure one of his mere romantic flights.
Do goodbye my lovely
Dolphin B

NYPL
HAMILL 12/29/69